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THE FRIAR and BOY;

OR, THE Young PIPER's Pleasant Pastime.

CONTAINING,

His witty Pranks, in Relation to his Step-Mother, whom he fitted for her unkind Treatment.

PART the FIRST.

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The First Part of

The MERRY PIPER.

YOU that in pleasant tales delight,
To pass the time away,
Each long and tedious winter's night,
Read this small book, I pray.
The fancies which in this you'll find,
Will make you laugh your fill,
And cure a melancholy mind,
Beyond the doctor's skill.
A cup of nutbrown nappy ale,
By a good fire-side,
Attended with a merry tale,
Is good at new-year's tide.
And likewise all the winter long,
When friends together meet:
For why, a pleasant tale or song,
Surpasses music sweet.
Now such a one, my friend, is this
Delightful pleasant tract; It

It will make you laugh, I wiſt,
Until your ſides do crack.
An honeſt man in Lancaſhire,
Two wifes he did enjoy;
Now by the firſt it doth appear,
He had a pretty boy.
With roſy cheeks and curled hair,
His eye-brows ſomething ſad;
And if the truth I may declare,
He was a witty lad.
His tender mother being dead,
It griev'd the father ſore,
For he at length a ſhrew did wed,
Who did like thunder roar.
She look'd upon this little ſon
With ſuch an evil eye,
That if he any thing had done,
Strait in his face ſhe'd fly.
Tho' he ſubmitted to her will,
In hopes her love to gain,
Yet ſhe would play the tyrant ſtill,
His labour was in vain.
The ſtep-mother ſhe hated him,
And ſo malicious grew,
That ſure I am ſhe was a limb Of

Of the infernal crew.
Brown bread and ſtale beer,
She did for him prepare,
While ſhe had geeſe and capons hot,
With other dainty fare.
Nay, tho' his meat and drink was poor,
He had not half enough;
If he ſeem'd to crave for more,
His ears ſhe ſtrait would cuff.
His father lov'd him very well,
As of a truth I knew;
But yet, good man, he could not tell,
Which way to tame a ſhrew.
A weary life her huſband led
About his ſon; for why,
Each night when he went to bed,
This was her conſtant cry:
O put this wicked boy away,
Let him be firmly ty'd
To ſome harſh maſter, that he may,
Be ſure to thraſh his hide.
At home, quoth ſhe, he will be ſpoil'd
With pleaſure and delight:
And thus againſt him ſhe revil'd,
Both morning, noon, and night. The

The tender father then did ſay,
My child's too young as yet,
After another year he may
Far better wages get.
We have a luſty lad, you know,
Who does our cattle keep,
The field he rambles to and fro',
Then lays him down to ſleep.
But there he ſhall no longer roam,
Good wife, as God me ſhield,
I'll find him other work at home,
And Jack ſhall trudge to field.
I give conſent, ſhe then reply'd,
And if the ſame you'll do,
Againſt his going I'll provide
A bag and bottle too:
For ſhe was highly pleas'd at this,
Joy ſat upon her brows:
Thought ſhe I can my friar kiſs,
When Jack is with his cows,
The father to his ſon did call,
And told him his intent,
Who cried out, With all my ſoul,
In joy and merriment.

For he was dutiful indeed,
Right willing to obey,
And the next morning roſe with ſpeed
Juſt by the break of day,
Thinking no living creature wrong,
To field he did repair,
Singing and whiſtling all along,
Like ſweet birds in the air.
He paſt away the morning ſoon,
All in a pleaſant mood,
And then he ſat him down at noon,
To eat his homely food.
Then looking o'er his little ſtore
Of barley bread and meat,
And finding that it was poor,
He had no mind to eat:
Which done, he put it up again,
Secure from any ſight;
Saying, his hunger ſhould remain
'Till he came home at night.
He ſat upon a hill juſt by,
'To paſs the time away.
At length an aged man drew nigh,
Whoſe palſy head was grey:

God ſave you ſon, the old man cry'd,
And keep you from all ill.
Thanks, father, then the lad reply'd,
For all your kind good-will.
Quoth he, I am a palmer poor,
Sad hunger is my grief,
Then haſt thou any food in ſtore,
To give me ſome relief?
The lad ſaid, Father, ſince you crave
That ſmall requeſt of me,
To ſuch poor victuals as I have
Right welcome you ſhall be.
The little boy his dinner drew,
And gave it to the old man:
Saying, Dear father, pray fall to,
Eat freely if you can.
He was not very hard to pleaſe,
But fed with mickle joy;
Now when his ſtomach was at eaſe,
He thank'd the little boy.
And ſaid, Since thou didſt not refuſe
To do what thou haſt done
Three things, whatever thou wilt chuſe
I'll give to thee, my ſon.

The firſt thing I'd have thee beſtow
On me, without diſpute,
Pray let it be a cunning bow,
Wherewith I birds may ſhoot.
Well, thou ſhalt have a bow, my ſon,
I have it here in ſtore,
No archer ever yet had one,
Which ſhot ſo true before.
Take notice well of what I ſay,
Such virtues are in this,
That wink, or look another way,
The mark thou ſhalt not miſs.
Now as he had the bow in hand,
With arrows by his ſide,
The little lad did ſmiling ſtand,
Then modeſtly reply'd,
I wiſh I had a pipe likewiſe,
Tho' it be ne'er ſo ſmall;
The which I'm ſure would me ſuffice,
For nothing more I'd call,
A pipe I have for thee, my ſon,
The like was never known,
So full of mirth and mickle joy,
That whenſoe'er it's blown,

All

All living creatures that ſhall hear
The ſweet and pleaſant ſound,
They ſhan't be able to forbear,
But dance and ſkip around.
Now tell to me what is the third,
Tho' it be ne'er ſo dear,
Reſolv'd I am upon my word,
Speak on and do not fear.
The boy then ſmiling, anſwer'd No,
You are too kind and free;
I have a pleaſant pipe and bow,
Which are enough for me.
But now, my ſon, I do ſwear,
That thou three things ſhalt have,
And therefore now in brief declare
What thou requeſt and crave.
Thus ſaid the boy, I do proteſt,
A ſtep-mother have I,
Who will not let me live at reſt,
She ſwears continually.
Whene'er my father gives me meat,
Her frowns on me ſhe'll caſt,
Wiſhing that every bit I eat,
Might truly be my laſt.

Whene'er ſhe looks upon me ſo,
Thinking to keep me under,
I wiſh her bum might then let go
A crack like roaring thunder.
Whene'er ſhe looks upon your face
With any ſhew of ſcorn,
Then to her ſhame and great diſgrace,
Her tail ſhall wind the horn.
So loud that all the ſtanders by
Will hear her with diſdain,
Laughing at her continually;
Yet ſhe ſhall trump again.
My bleſſing now at laſt receive;
May you in ſafety dwell,
And therewithal I take my leave,
So little lad farewell.
I thank you farher ſaid the boy,
All happineſs to you;
Long life likewiſe may you enjoy,
And ſo farewell, adieu.
Now when the ſun was almoſt ſet,
Young Jack did homewards go,
And being in a merry fit,
His pipe he needs muſt blow.

His

His cows began to caper then,
The bulls and oxen too,
And ſo did five and twenty men,
Who came this fight to view.
Along the road he piping went,
The bulls came dancing after,
Which was a fit of merriment,
That caus'd a deal of laughter.
For why, a friar in his gown,
Beſtrides the red cow's back,
And ſo rides dancing thro' the town,
After this young wag Jack,
Unto a cloſe he led them then.
To take their night's repoſe,
And having lock'd and barr'd the gate,
He homewards piping goes.
But when the hall he did draw near,
To pipe he did forbear,
Becauſe his loving father he
Did ſit at ſupper there.
Father, ſaid he this ſummer's day
With care I've kept your neat,
And I am almoſt ſtarv'd to death,
For nothing have I eat.

At noon I ſat me down indeed,
Upon a little hill,
My food being mean, I could not eat,
So I am faſting ſtill.
His father took a capon hot,
And gave it to his ſon:
Saying, Thou ſhalt not be forgot,
Good ſervice thou haſt done.
The boy began to play his part,
And tore it limb from limb,
His ſtep-mother was vex'd at heart,
And ſourly look'd at him.
And with a ſcornful envious eye
Upon the lad ſhe frown'd,
And then a cracker ſhe let fly,
That almoſt ſhook the ground.
She bluſh'd as they made merry ſport,
The little boy reply'd,
My mother has a good report
You hear at her backſide,
Sure had there been a cannon-ball,
With ſuch a force it flew,
It would have beaten down the wall,
Perhaps the chimney too.

She gave another curſed look,
Then ſtrait her bum did roar,
At this the very table ſhook,
This ſham'd her more and more.
The boy reply'd, Dear mother take
A cup before our parting;
For I am confident you'll break
Your twatling ſtrings with farting.
Says the good man, You make us deaf,
Wife take ſome other room,
For fear you choak and ſtop our breath,
With ſuch a ſtrange perfume.
Immediately ſhe went her way,
With viſage croſs and grim,
Swearing that Jack for this ſhould pay,
She'd be reveng'd on him.
A friar, whom ſhe thought a ſaint,
Came there to lodge that night;
To whom ſhe made a ſad complaint,
How Jack had ſham'd her quite.
Said ſhe, For ſweet Francis ſake,
To-morrow in the field,
Pray thraſh him till his bones you break,
No ſhew of comfort yield.

The

The friar ſwore by his bald pate,
He'd make him blind and lame,
And not allow him for to prate,
When to the field he came.
Next morning early with the lark
The little boy aroſe,
And drove his cattle thro' a path,
Away to field he goes,
The friar did not riſe ſo ſoon,
'Cauſe of the morning air,
But yet before it was high noon,
He came and found him there.
For all alone this little lad,
Was ſtanding by his cows.
The friar he was raving mad,
And knit his rugg'd brows.
Quoth he, Young villain, bluſh for ſhame
Why do you ſilent ſtand?
What is't you've done to your ſtep-dame,
Come tell me out of hand.
Now if yourſelf you cannot clear,
Take notice, it is ſo,
I'll make a cripple of you here,
You ſhall not ſtir nor go.

The boy reply'd don't threaten me,
Nor make ſo much ado;
My ſtep-mother, I know what ſhe is,
Full as well as you.
Sir, friar, be not in a rage,
Nor ſuch raſh things report,
For tho' I am of tender age,
I'll ſhew you pleaſant ſport.
Stand by, and you ſhall ſee me ſhoot
Yon pheaſant off the tree,
The mark I'll hit without diſpute,
And give the bird to thee.
This pretty pheaſant perching ſat
Upon a thorny briar.
Now Jack he had no ſooner ſhot,
But ſtraitway ran the friar.
He being eager of his prey,
Did to the buſh advance;
Jack took his pipe, and then did play,
Which made him ſkip and dance,
He was not able to forbear,
But danc'd the buſh about;
His hands and eyes the thorns did tear,
And ſcratch'd him by the ſnout.

A woeful pickle he was in,
With dancing thro' and thro'
His cloaths he tore, and then his ſkin,
His privy members too
Run down in ſtreams of reeking gore,
His bum did likewiſe bleed,
All over him he was ſo ſore,
As if he had been flay'd.
The friar ſkip'd and caper'd high,
Whilſt Jack a laughing ſtands!
The friar then aloud did cry,
And held up both his hands.
Sweet gentle John, ſome pity take,
And lay your piping by,
Even for good St. Francis ſake,
Let me not dancing die.
Quoth he, I ſhall not wrong thee, no,
If thou doſt ſet me free;
Why then, quoth Jack, I'll let thee go.
But come no more to me.
Out of the field the friar goes,
All in a tatter'd trim,
With a torn ſhirt and bloody cloaths,
No bedlam like to him.

Some

Some people did before him fly,
Some pelted him with ſtones;
For moſt of them took him to be
Raw-head and Bloody-bones.
So home he went with ſcarce a rag
To hide his naked back;
So he had little cauſe to brag
How he had crippl'd Jack.
His ſtep-mother was griev'd at heart,
To ſee him in that caſe,
From head to foot in every part,
He had not one free place.
Where haſt thou been? the woman cry'd
Thou art in ſuch a trim?
With Jack the Devil, he reply'd,
For none can conquer him.
She at her huſband then did ſcold,
And cry'd, Your curſed ſon
Deals with the devil, for behold
What the young elf has done.
The friar cry'd, he did by chance,
A cunning plot contrive,
Among the thorns he made me dance,
'Till I was flay'd alive.

A pipe he has, which ſounds ſo ſweet,
That when the ſame he blew,
I could not ſtand ſtill on my feet,
But caper'd thro' and thro'
The good man cry'd, If thou haſt dy'd
In ſuch a dancing mood,
Then it had been no cruel ſin,
Tho' the boy was ſomething rude.
When young Jack came home at night,
His father ſtrait did call
For him to come with all his might
Before him in the hall.
What is the cauſe of this complaint?
Tell me, and do not lie;
Here you have almoſt kill'd a ſaint.
Jack made him this reply,
A fit of mirth I play'd indeed,
And he was pleas'd to dance,
He might have taken better heed,
In briars he would prance.
His father he the pipe would hear,
So Jack reply'd, You ſhall,
The friar he did quake for fear,
And wrung his hands withal.

He cry'd, and ſtill his eyes did wipe,
That work kills me almoſt:
Yet if you needs muſt hear the pipe,
Pray bind me to a poſt.
Now in the middle of the hall
A luſty poſt was there,
And leſt this precious ſaint ſhould fall,
They bound him faſt with care.
They laugh'd to ſee the friar ſtand,
Yet Jack did little ſay,
But took his pleaſant pipe in hand,
A merry ſtrain to play.
No ſooner had they heard the ſound,
But they began to ſpring,
Making the very ſtools rebound,
The room with mirth did wring.
Nay, ſome of them ſo high did hop,
Without the leaſt regard,
That they againſt the ceiling top,
Did knock their heads full hard.
Some knock'd their noſes and their chins
Striving to caper higher;
Some o'er the table broke their ſhins,
Some tumbled in the fire.

The good old man was pleas'd at heart,
He lik'd the merry jeſt,
And in the dancing bore a part,
As well as all the reſt.
She danc'd upon her huſband's back;
And to increaſe the ſport,
Whene'er ſhe caſt her eyes on Jack,
Her bum gave loud report.
The friar he was almoſt dead,
Whilſt others danc'd their fill,
Againſt the poſt he bang'd his head,
For he could not ſtand ſtill.
His fleſh the ragged ropes did tear,
And likewiſe from his crown,
With many bangs and bruiſes there,
The blood did trickle down.
Into the ſtreet Jack piping went,
And they came dancing after,
And tho' with labour almoſt ſpent,
This fill'd the town with laughter.
With very haſte ſome broke their locks
Their paſtime to purſue,
While others in their ſhirts and ſmocks
Made up a jovial crew.

There did they caper in the ſtreet,
Some lame they could not go,
But dance upon their hands and feet,
And turn'd to and fro'.
Quoth Jack, I'll lay my pipe aſide,
Dear father, if you pleaſe.
I pray thee do, ſweet lad he cries,
And let us take ſome eaſe.
Now have I ſeen a jovial crew,
I ſpeak it to thy praiſe,
Such mirth as this I never knew
Before in all my days.
The friar he got loſe, and came
Juſt as the dance was done,
And tho' his limbs were almoſt lame,
Unto the boy he run,
And ſaid, For all your witchcraft here,
And vain delightful ſport,
I ſummon you for to appear
In our religious court.
On Friday, ſee you do not fail
To meet me at that place:
Our court, I know, will hear my tale,
And bring thee to diſgrace.
Then, quoth the boy, for my own part,
A fig for future ſorrow,
I'll meet you there with all my heart,
If Friday was to-morrow.
On Friday, when the court was ſet,
The dancing friar came,
And Jack his holy father met,
And alſo his ſtep-dame.

The proctors all were buſy there,
Jack's ſtep mother came in.
So did the friar.---Standing bare,
His tale he did begin.
A wicked boy I here have brought,
And pray take him in hand,
For he has my deſtruction wrought,
As you ſhall underſtand.
He is a witch, I know it well;
A little devil too,
If there is e'er a one in hell,
For he has made me rue.
The ſtep-mother did then complain,
About a minuet after;
But ſtrait her bum did trump amain,
And ſet all in a laughter.
The proctor ſaid, Speak on good wife,
And never bluſh for this;
She leads a very modeſt life,
Who never does amiſs.
With ſhame ſhe then hung down her head,
And ſtood like one ſtruck dumb,
Becauſe ſhe did begin to dread
The roaring of her bum.
Oh! ſhameful lad, quoth friar Stone,
An ill death mayeſt thou die;
For 'tis thy wicked art alone,
That makes her pellets fly.
The friar then aloud did call
Unto the open court,
And ſaid, This boy will ſhame us all,
By his unlawful ſport,

A pipe he has, I do declare,
All thoſe that ſhall it hear
Have not the power to forbear,
But caper without fear.
The proctor ſaid, Why ſay you ſo!
That pipe I fain would hear,
Come little Jack, thy cunning ſhow,
Play with a merry cheer.
Some danc'd on forms, and ſome on ſtools,
Some the tables jump'd o'er,
Jack laugh'd to ſee ſo many fools,
With all their garments tore,
Some poor girls that were with child,
Who had the law tranſgreſs'd,
Came hither to be reconcil'd,
And danc'd amongſt the reſt.
The proctors, prieſts, and all the men
Beſought the little boy,
That he would leave off piping then,
Leſt he ſhould them deſtroy,
The little boy to them reply'd,
To this I will agree,
My pipe will ſoon be laid aſide,
So that I may go free.
The proctors with the mighty throng,
This voice they all did ſend,
'Ere he ſhould ſuffer any wrong,
His cauſe they would defend,
Jack put the pipe under his belt,
So all the folks ſtood ſtill,
Their gifts to him they freely dealt,
With thanks for his good will.

The friar cry'd, Not ſo, I pray,
For Proctor, by this light,
If Jack once more his pipe doth play,
I ſhall be kill'd out right.
But yet the learn'd Proctor bold,
Gave Jack a ſtrict command,
That he ſhould not his art withold,
But take his pipe in hand.
With that he plays a leſſon fine,
The court immediately
Roſe up together in a crowd,
And danc'd and caper'd high.
The learned prieſts and proctors they,
With all the other crew,
In the town-hall did dance the hay,
And deſks they overthrew.
But as they caper'd to and fro',
And from the ground did riſe,
One gave the friar ſuch a blow,
As beat out both his eyes.
The writer from his deſk did jump into thick'ſt throng,
There fell on the ſtep-dame's rump, and threw her all along.
And by the fury of the fall,
Her breech did ſound like thunder,
As if ſhe meant to ſlay them all,
And rend the roof aſunder.
The friar and the ſtep-mother
Return'd back with ſhame.
Jack valu'd neither him nor her
But follow'd ſtill his game.
In mirth he paſs'd the time away,
At length he chanc'd to find
The good old man upon a day,
Who was to him ſo kind.
To whom he told what ſport had paſs'd,
Which vex'd the friar ſore:
He gave Jack other charms at laſt
Which plagu'd them ten times more.
Young Jack he did not care a fart
For any of that crew.
Read but at large the Second Part,
And ſ'will [illegible]

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